

The Poet's Corner.

GO BACK TO THE RUGGED OLD FARM, BOYS!

By N. W. LOURE.

A popular song, published by John F. Ferry & Co.

O, why will you stay in the town, boys,
And spend every day what you earn?
For when you are out of job, boys,
You hardly know which way to turn;And when you have toiled through the week,
Boys,

Again go to the town for your part,

To find there are two choices to you, boys,

He'll tell you to call the next day.

COURTESY.

Go back to the rugged old farm, boys!

Go back to the rugged old farm!

There's plenty of work there's plenty of food,

And there's health to give life a new charm.

O, why will you stay in the town, boys?

There's labor a drug in the mart,

And there's a drug in the mart, boys,

While waiting for business to start?

The sun is so dreary and dark, boys,

You almost lie down in despair,

With some little thing that you need, boys,

And nothing else but the air.

What gain can you show for your toils, boys?

Though often so weary and sore,

There's gain in the toil, boys,

That comes for its toil to your door;

No cottage or garden or cash, boys,

How few are the things that you own!

But go to the farm and you'll find, boys,

There's gain in your muscle and bone.

Your fathers cut down the great trees, boys,

And laid the big stones in the wall;

They built the great cities with a will, boys,

And gathered a plenty for all;

Their lands are awaiting your spades, boys,

And under each sod that you turn,

You'll find something better than gold, boys,

And get every cent that you earn.

Ladies' Department.

HOW SHE SAVED HIM.

[Cassell's Family Magazine.]

CHAPTER I.

There are some questions which the human heart insists on asking, in spite of its own conviction that no clear and decisive answer is possible. They may concern great material or amorous—problems wide as the ocean or as narrow as the limits of personal ambition. Resting upon the vexed brain with a harrasing perplexity, which sometimes even disinterested suspicion, these are in a sense the physical and effectual destroyers of their victim's peace.

Isabel Keene was wrestling with a veritable army of these troublesome intruders. Was she to be a mother?—a wife?—a widow?—a Winifred Thorneham to Norford this summer?—Has she the smallest legitimate ground of surprise that Winnie's shy, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and winsome Miss Keene, mirrored the young man's manner, the admiration of his glance, the studied deference of his bearing, the silent truth through the mockery of the most exact address? Was her present disquietude of spirit a testimony to the fact that she had been born her love on one who asked not? The instant that she had seen the first pang of all, it brought the hot flush of affronted maidenly pride to her cheeks, and caused her fingers to play in the stay of the piano, as though the music itself were the destroying hand.

"Isabel!—Isabel!—Isabel!"—she had said, as she had an absorption of her own thoughts, forgot the presence of her mother in the apartment. She closed the instrument with a characteristic little jerk of impatience and then, with a smile, the music-stool closer to Mrs. Keene's feet.

"Yes, mamma!" she said.

"I was wondering, dear, if you had noticed how pale and listless Leicester and Winnie have grown of late."

Her face was averted, and her mother could not read the expression of dismay and pain—but despite all effort a faint flush of color was visible in her cheeks.

"One cannot help observing that. And I suppose it is very natural! Winnie is very pretty, you know."

There was a tiny spark, a dubious sigh, and Isabel could not trust herself to finish the sentence.

"Cuthbert, I am responsible, you would say. I used to think that, but I was somebody else he cared for. I hope he is not sick. Cuthbert is a good match, and can easily find another."

The young man looked around. For the moment they were alone. Yet still he trembled.

"Miss Thorneham was summoned home very abruptly, he said.

"That is a relief, of course. Miss Thorneham is a charming girl."

The two girls were friend notwithstanding their emphasis. Cuthbert was annoyed with the girl's ways, and was at once suspicious of her.

The strained lightness vanished from his eyes. "Isabel—Miss Keene," he said, "there is one question that you have to leave to me. I have given you my leave to have a care for me, to have a care for you more than for any other."

"Well, I am sure, I am glad to learn that her fate is not serious."

"That is a relief, of course. Miss Thorneham is a very good girl, and Isabel could not trust herself to finish the sentence.

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